

## NAVAL DISASTERS

Loss of Ships and Lives in Elemental Warfare.

### CHEERING AT DEATH.

The Samoa Bay Tragedy Where Our Sailors Died Like Heroes—Other Great Battles With the Elements in Which Ships and Lives Were Lost by Our Gallant Navy—Seward's Marooning in the Pacific—The Insurgents' Fatal Voyage—The Albany, Etc., Etc.

Although many disasters have overtaken the vessels of the American navy, they have been few and insignificant compared with those that have befallen our British cousins, who in the past half-dozen years have lost more than a score of their best ships and with them have gone down hundreds of brave men composing the officers, crew and troops in transit. All the wrecks, however, have simply demonstrated the fact that human skill is well nigh powerless when it undertakes to defeat the elements of nature.

On August 21, 1843, the steam frigate *Missouri* was burned at Gibraltar. It is supposed that her loss was due to the breaking of a demijohn of turpentine in the engineer's storeroom. When the fire reached the magazine it blew up the vessel.

The enormous loss of life attending the disaster to the *Maine* has been exceeded but once in the history of the navy. The thirty-six-gun frigate *Insurgent*, which had been captured from the French, sailed in August, 1800, with a crew of 340 officers and men with orders to cruise between 65 degrees and 68 degrees west longitude and to run as far south as 30 north latitude. She was never heard from after leaving port. It is supposed she foundered in one of the September gales.

The first of our men-of-war to meet disaster at the hands of Old Neptune was the brig *Reprisal*, celebrated as having been the first United States warship to visit Europe, carrying Benjamin Franklin soon after the Declaration of Independence. In 1778 she foundered on the Newfoundland banks and every one of the 130 souls perished.

One of the most noted and singular disasters in the annals of the American navy was that which befell the sloop of war *Saginaw* in 1870. She was a small vessel and carried about seventy-five officers and men. Midway in the vast expanse of the Pacific Ocean the vessel was wrecked upon a mountain peak. This peak, rising thousands of feet above the water, is known as Ocean Island, one of the Midway group.

On this the voyagers were thrown and thought themselves fortunate to get ashore without the loss of a life. Captain (now rear admiral) Seward, who commanded the *Saginaw*, knew that the nearest inhabited land was the Sandwich Islands, nearly 1,400 miles away. He also knew, as did every one else, that unless news of the disaster could be sent there, and that quickly, he and his ship's company had simply exchanged a death by drowning for the more painful one by starvation. So all hands set to work and with pieces of wreckage from the lost vessel patched the rig sufficiently to render it seaworthy. In this little boat, only twenty-eight feet long, Lieutenant Talbot and five men started off for help. After one of the most thrilling boat journeys in the whole history of the sea, occupying thirty-six days, the most westerly island of the Sandwich group was reached. A landing was attempted through the surf, the small boat was capsized and Talbot and four of his men perished. Had the life of the fifth man not been saved the fate of the *Saginaw*'s ship's company would have remained one of the unsolved mysteries of the sea. Fortunately, almost miraculously, the man upon whose fate rested the lives of scores of others, was thrown upon the beach alive. His name was Halford, and although he could not swim a stroke he had survived seven shipwrecks. Halford conducted a rescue party back to Ocean Island and for his services was made a gunner, which office he now holds. The boat in which this most famous voyage was made is preserved at Annapolis.

Another most peculiar disaster was that which overtook the wooden corvette *Monongahalia* at Santa Cruz in 1861. While she lay at anchor in the harbor a tremendous earthquake shook the island and was followed by a tidal wave. It is estimated that the wave was sixty feet high. It picked the vessel up and carried her over the town of Fredericksstad and then back again. The ship knocked down a building and finally landed about fifty feet from the beach, high and dry. Strange to say, no lives were lost. A somewhat similar accident befell the sloop of war *Waterloo* in the next year at Africa, Peru. A tidal wave, one of the greatest on record, caught up the vessel, carried it through the main street of the town and landed it several miles inland in a tropical forest, where it ended its days as a hotel. The same wave capsized the store-ship *Fredonia*, anchored in the harbor, and drowned all hands.

But, saddest of all, the fate of many of our noble ships and their priceless freight of human life will remain a mystery until the sea gives up its dead. "Sailed and never afterward heard from," is the sad conclusion in many cases. On October 9, 1780, the sloop of war *Saratoga*, of eighteen guns and a crew of 170, captured four British merchantmen, which were retaken the next day by the British frigate *Intrepid*. The *Saratoga* sailed away, was swallowed up in the mists of that gray October evening and no mortal eye has since beheld her.

The revenue cutter *Pickering*, brig rigged, of fourteen guns, sailed from the United States in August, 1800, for the Canadian station. Her fate remains to this day one of the unsolved mysteries of the sea. Gunboat No. 7, with two guns and a crew of thirty, sailed from New York in the early part of 1803 for the Mediterranean. She sprung her mast, returned to New York to refit, sailed away June 30 and was never afterward heard of. In 1810 another gunboat was lost with all on board. The next year gunboat No. 2 went to the bottom in a violent gale and only two of her crew of thirty were saved. The next year another gunboat was wrecked off Newport, R. I., and the commander and nine of his crew were lost. In 1813 gunboat No. 62, after being condemned, was ordered to sea. She encountered a severe gale and took her entire crew to the bottom with her. The *Hamilton*, of nine guns, and the *Scourge*, of ten guns, capsized in a squall on Lake

Ontario during one night of August, 1813, and the entire crew of the former, about seventy-five in number, were lost. Of the latter's crew of eighty all but sixteen went down with her. The *Hamilton* and *Scourge* were carrying sail to weather the enemy's squadron and it is supposed all hands were at their stations and the guns cast loose at the time they met their sudden death. The sloop of war *Wasp*, with nineteen guns and a crew of 140, has never been heard from since October 9, 1814. On that day she was spoken in latitude 18 degrees north and longitude 30 west. By some accounts she is supposed to have been sunk in a night action with a British frigate, by others to have been lost in the gale.

The same year the *Alligator*, of four guns, was sunk in Port Royal sound during a violent tornado and two officers and twenty-one men were drowned. On the 14th of July, 1815, the eighteen-gun sloop-of-war *Epervier*, bearing important dispatches from Commodore Decatur, passed out of the Straits of Gibraltar and dropped forever from human annals. Five years afterward the six gun schooner *Lynx* foundered at sea, carrying her entire crew of fifty to a watery grave. In 1824 the *Wild Cat*, of three guns, carrying a crew of thirty-one, was lost with all on board while cruising in the West Indies. The brig *Hornet*, of eighteen guns and a crew of 140, sailed from the United States in 1829 and has never been heard of. In 1843 the sloop of war *Concord*, of eighteen guns, was lost on the west coast of Africa; her commander, one other officer and one of the crew perished. The same year the *Grampus*, of twelve guns, was lost off Charleston, S. C., and her entire crew of seventy perished. On the 8th of December, 1846, the brig *Somers*, of ten guns, while carrying sail to cut off a vessel attempting to enter the harbor of Vera Cruz, was struck by a squall and foundered, carrying with her her gallant commander, Captain Clemensen, Lieutenant Hymen and forty men. The *Somers* was noted as being the only American man-of-war on which an officer was hanged for mutiny. In 1854 the sloop of war *Albany*, of twenty guns and a crew of 270, sailed from Aspinwall and no trace of her has ever been discovered. The sloop of war *Levant*, with a crew of over 200 has never been seen or heard of since June 30, 1861. It is supposed that she capsized in a squall, carrying all on board to a sailor's grave. The brig *Bainbridge* capsized in a squall August 21, 1863, off Hatteras. The single survivor of the disaster was afterward picked up at sea. The famous *Monitor* went down in a gale during the night of December 29 the same year the *Bainbridge* was lost, and four officers and twenty-one men went down with her. The same year the monitor *Weehawken* foundered at her anchors while trying to ride out a heavy gale off Charleston and carried half her crew to the bottom with her. In January, 1866, the steamer *Narcissus*, of two guns, foundered off the west coast of Florida in a heavy gale, and every soul on board—eight officers and twenty-six men—was lost.

One of the most extraordinary catastrophes that ever befell a vessel of our navy destroyed the sloop of war *Onesida* in 1869. She had just sailed from Yokohama, homeward bound, with a jolly ship's company eager to see sweethearts and wives and native land once more when, not far out of port, she was struck by the British mail steamer *Bombay*, bound in. The stem of the *Bombay* cut off the stern of the *Onesida*. The ship was sinking rapidly and guns of distress were fired, but the *Bombay* steamed on her way and left the vessel to her doom. She went down and all but two or three of her crew were drowned. The captain of the *Bombay* gave no other excuse for his conduct than that he had Lady Eyre, the wife of a distinguished British satrap, on board and did not wish to destroy her nerves with scenes of shipwreck. The captain was mobbed when he reached Yokohama, dismissed from the service, socially tabooed from that time and died in disgrace a year or two later.

One of the most frightful and at the same time most inexcusable, disasters the American navy has met with occurred early on the morning of November 24, 1877, when, during a heavy southeast gale and high sea, the sloop of war *Huron* stranded on the North Carolina coast and 104 of her crew of 138 were lost, most of the bodies washed out to sea and never being recovered. The loss of the *Jeannette* in the Arctic Ocean June 13, 1881, caused the death of twenty-one officers and men.

No disaster in the history of the United States Navy has been so tragic as that in the harbor of Apia, Samoa, in March, 1889. The frightful catastrophe appalled the civilized world. Apia has a very poor harbor, insufficiently protected from the frightful force of the hurricanes that sometimes visit that region of the south Pacific and affording little holding ground for anchors. On the date mentioned the *Trenton*, the ship of the Pacific squadron, the *Vandalia* and *Nipsic* were anchored near the shore. A hurricane swept over the island, accompanied by all the fearful phenomena of a tropical storm, and when night fell the ships were in deadly peril. Amid the howling of the wind and the dashing force of the rain that drove like sleet the natives gathered by thousands on the shore to watch the battling of the ships with the fury of the elements. First the *Nipsic* began to drag her anchors, and her commander wisely slipped the cable and ran her ashore, saving all except six of her crew. Among the other vessels in the harbor was the British sloop of war *Calliope*. Unfortunately she struck the *Vandalia*, which was disabled by the shock and carried before the gale to a reef. The *Vandalia*'s captain was thrown into the sea and others of her company perished trying to save themselves by swimming. The remainder of the officers and crew clung to the rigging of the wreck.

Soon after the *Vandalia* struck on the reef the *Trenton* rapidly dragged and was soon driven ashore. As she was swept by the *Vandalia*, borne with all hands to almost certain destruction, the 450 brave men on her crowded decks burst into a mighty shout of "Three cheers for the *Vandalia*!" and the 100 or more unfortunates clustered in the tops of the sunken *Vandalia* replied with the same cheer. Then, while the *Trenton* sped before the hurricane to her fate, her band burst out with the inspiring strains of the "Star-Spangled Banner." Four officers and forty-seven men were lost from our ships at Samoa.

The last wreck before that of the *Maine* was that of the historic *Kearsarge*, stranded on Roncado reef, in the Caribbean sea, but no lives were lost. The one just previous to that was the loss of the *Despatch* on the Virginia coast October 10, 1891, but it was not attended by any loss of life.

It is somewhat interesting to note what a fatality seems to pursue vessels of certain names. For example, the name *Boston* is regarded as very unlucky for a ship. Four of this name in our service have already gone to grief. San Francisco is another unlucky name, while *Constitution* is remarkably fortunate.

## BURIED TREASURE

The Numerous Stories of Fabulous Wealth Hidden Away.

### "CAVALIER'S" TALE OF RICHES

Little Dog, the Piegan Indian Chief, Who Had a Treasure of Eyeless Buttons, Failed to Realize That They Were Gold Until Too Late—They Are Still Buried Where the Red Man Planted Them.

Buried treasures—how many stories are there of lost caches, concealed wealth and obscured hiding richness in these Rocky Mountain states! An old one, a tale that has a mystery still unsolved, was related by "Cavalier" in the *Benton Record* of March, 1875. Here it is, taken from the files of the old newspaper:

Once upon a time there was a chief of the Piegan Indians known to the whites as Little Dog. He was a great brave, and though at peace with the employees of the American Fur Company, was accustomed to lead his warriors on far distant forays into the country of the many Indian enemies of the Blackfeet, and sometimes against parties of white traders, trappers and hunters, or travelers not connected with the trading post of Fort Benton. In one of these hostile excursions, probably about the year 1815, after penetrating the territory of several hostile tribes, he found himself with his band well down on the waters of Snake River, on the trail to Oregon by way of Fort Hall. Tales had come to him in his own land of the numerous trains of palefaced emigrants who, far to the southward, were incessantly wending their way across the continent to the Pacific Coast, and he had undertaken this long and hazardous journey expressly to measure weapons with these famed wayfarers, who possessed such a store of goods and so many wagons and cattle.

Disposing of his warriors in a situation favorable for attack, Little Dog awaited with impatience the coming of a train. At last, far over the prairie, the white tops of the wagons are seen creeping slowly forward. On they come. The cattle jog lazily, the drivers straggle listlessly, rousing up now and then to discharge a volley of yells at the easy-going beasts, and to cut the air with their huge whips. The monstrous boxes move nearer on their slowly turning wheels, and at last the caravan, all unconscious of the lurking foe, is in the midst of the ambushade. A rattle of musketry, a terrific yell from the upspringing savages, a rush by the painted host, and Little Dog is victorious—not a man is left to tell the tale of the butchery.

Doubtless in the general sack of the wagons which followed much was found that delighted the hearts of the merciless victors. Tradition, however, is silent on this point, and deigns to preserve the recollection of but one small box, found by Little Dog, bestowed with extraordinary care in one of the wagons. The box was found to be well filled with what Little Dog pronounced to be brass buttons without eyes. Brass buttons complete would have been regarded as a very desirable acquisition by Little Dog and his savage followers. They often bought them at the fort on the Missouri, and paid good prices for them, too, but without eyes what could they do with them? They were very heavy, and how should they carry them to the villages, since they could not be strung on sinew like the ordinary button? Alas! handsome and glittering as they were, they must be left behind. But, though deciding thus, Little Dog would not have them thrown away as entirely valueless, and they were consequently cached with much care in the rocks overlooking Snake River at a point where a rocky promontory juts into the valley close to the foaming waters.

Perhaps in after years Little Dog's thoughts sometimes reverted to the hidden buttons, but he did not esteem them of sufficient value to warrant the hazards and fatigues of returning for them, and so there they remained for twenty years without exciting any particular interest. But at last population flowed by the thousands into Montana, and gold coin, unknown to the fur trade at its remote points, began to circulate in the territory. Little Dog saw the gold, saw how the white man prized it, how a small piece would buy pound upon pound of sugar, coffee or tobacco, and wonder grew within him at the discovery that a brass button without eyes possessed such mighty power. Then he remembered his box of such buttons, buried far away on the banks of the Snake River and bewailed his folly. Oh, that he had that box now! How wealthy it would make him; what dignity he could maintain; what treasures he could buy! It would lift him to a height of grandeur such as he had never dreamed of. He could think of nothing else but those marvelous buttons, could do nothing but lament the fatuity that had induced him to let such a treasure slip through his fingers.

He told the story at Fort Benton, and pronounced various gold coins exhibited to him to be exactly like the brass buttons, and, like Captain Kidd's hidden treasure, it caused many a man to burn with eager desire to possess himself of the buried wealth. Little Dog believed that he could still find the locality, and often was he entreated to lead the way thither. At last the urgent solicitation of Mr. Dawson—then the American Fur Company's agent at Fort Benton—backed by a promise of a large reward induced him to engage to do so, although his medicine man had ever been adverse to the enterprise. He started, but conscience-stricken at his sin, halted after proceeding a short distance, and could never be persuaded to reach the attempt.

Little Dog is now dead, and still the brass buttons repose in concealment upon the banks of Snake River, whose waters rush with boisterous laughter to the sea, bearing their story of a hidden treasure, to swell the mighty list already in the records of the water spirits who keep the tally of man's unwilling contributions to the coffers of the deep.

#### Wasted Lives.

Cecil Rhodes built a great empire but never lived to see it blessed with peace and contentment. An Omaha hack driver hoarded a fortune of \$65,000 and starved himself to death in the effort to acquire more. Both the industrial giant and the thrifty reisman devoted the best years of their lives to that which they most adored, and neither enjoyed the fruits of their labor, nor have they left behind them many who will deeply mourn their departure. One life was as wantonly wasted as the other.

## THE WASHINGTON GLOBE PUBLISHING CO.

(Incorporated February 17, 1902.)

The Washington Globe Publishing Company, M. B. Moroney, President; Charles T. Hunter, Secretary, and William J. Elliott, Treasurer, was incorporated February 17, 1902, under the laws of the District of Columbia, with a capital stock of \$25,000, divided into 2,500 shares of \$10 each par value.

The good will, title, book accounts, and property of the Sunday Globe were sold to the Washington Globe Publishing Company and are now the absolute and unincumbered property of the said company.

The Washington Globe Publishing Company will conduct the publication of the Sunday Globe as heretofore on Saturdays and Sundays of each week under the editorial management of William J. Elliott with this important or significant difference, viz:

ANY STOCKHOLDER OF RECORD WILL BE AT LIBERTY AND IS INVITED TO OFFER SUGGESTIONS ALONG THE LINES OF INCREASED USEFULNESS FOR THE SUNDAY GLOBE BOTH IN THE SUBJECT MATTER OF ITS NEWS AND EDITORIAL COLUMNS, AS IN THE EXTENSION OF ITS BUSINESS AND THE SAME WILL BE GIVEN CONSIDERATE ATTENTION BY THE TRUSTEES.

It is the aim of the Washington Globe Publishing Company to make the Sunday Globe a fearless exponent of public opinion and the popular organ of the masses and at the same time preserve that conservativeness of expression which gives weight to the printed utterance of a truthful press.

The Washington Globe Publishing Company have decided through its trustees to offer TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS in shares of TEN DOLLARS EACH of its Treasury Stock for sale to the public and to devote the proceeds from such sales to THE ENLARGEMENT AND IMPROVEMENT of the SUNDAY GLOBE.

On these shares of \$10 each a dividend of one per cent per month will be paid, as stated in the PROSPECTUS.

The Washington Globe Publishing Company solicits the active co-operation of its friends in the Departments and the general public in the sale and purchase of these shares. There is no Department clerk so poor but that he can purchase, at least, one share and the course of the Sunday Globe, since its first issue, surely indicates that it will be to the interests of the Department clerk as well as to the oppressed and defenseless masses to ensure the prosperity of an organ which does not deny them a hearing and which champions the RIGHT, be the right ever so POOR, WEAK, and FRIENDLESS.

We are now prepared to issue the certificates of stock par value

### \$10 EACH

to the limit prescribed by the trustees, and we hope the friends of the Sunday Globe will send in their orders through the mail or call in person at the office, 1223 Pennsylvania Avenue, and secure this Treasury Stock upon which one per cent per month will be paid all stockholders of record on the first Tuesday of every month.

M. B. MORONEY,

President.

CHARLES T. HUNTER,

Secretary.

## Prospectus Washington Globe Publishing Company

OF THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

CAPITAL STOCK \$25,000.

Divided Into 2,500 Shares of the Par Value of \$10 Per Share. All Shares Full Paid and Non-assessable.

The marvelous growth of the SUNDAY GLOBE since its introduction to the advertising and reading public of the City of Washington, has enabled this company to place a limited number of shares of its capital stock on the market and to guarantee the payment of a Dividend of 1 Per Cent. Per Month payable at the office of the company on the 1st Tuesday of each and every month.

This is an absolutely safe investment and guarantees to the holders an interest of 12 per cent per annum, which, with the continual increase in the value of the stock, makes it one of the best dividend paying enterprises in the District of Columbia.

The sales of the SUNDAY GLOBE has increased continually from the time of the first issue. It has been, and is now, selling through the news dealers and upon the streets, more than a sufficient number of copies each week to warrant the management in guaranteeing the payment of 1 Per Cent. Per Month Dividend as well as to enable them to pay all the expenses incurred in placing the paper upon the market.

In making this statement we have not added or considered any of the receipts coming in from its continual increasing advertising business.

Compare this statement of facts, with the stock of other corporations in the City of Washington and you will find few, if any, exceed a Dividend of 1 per cent per month.

The greater majority of them, that pay any dividend, range from 3 to 6 per cent a year, and as such, are considered safe investments.

All stock purchased in the month previous will participate in the profits on dividend day, and checks for the payment of the guaranteed dividends, will be mailed to the stockholders of record, as heretofore stated, on the first Tuesday of each and every month.

Persons desiring further information, can call at the office of the company, or if required, our representative will take pleasure in calling and imparting the desired information.

Send in your orders for the number of shares you desire and make all checks payable to the Washington Globe Publishing Co., 1223 Penn. Ave. N. W., Washington, D. C.

## By-Laws of the Washington Globe Publishing Company.

- The officers of the Company shall consist of a President, Secretary, and Treasurer. There shall be three trustees.
- The President shall be ex-officio President of the Board of Trustees, and the Secretary, ex-officio Secretary, thereof.
- The stockholders shall meet at least once a year—the annual meeting to be the first Tuesday in November. But they may meet as often as it may be deemed necessary by the trustees, or whenever one fifth of the stockholders in interest shall desire or request, upon (10) ten days notice; in which case the President shall issue the call for such meeting.
- The seal adopted at the first meeting of stockholders shall remain the corporation seal of the Company. No assessment shall be called for or levied upon the stock issued, either by the stockholders or the trustees; and the stock certificates shall state, "non-assessable."
- A majority of the capital stock issued shall constitute a quorum for the transaction of business.
- The trustees are empowered to offer and sell any treasury stock unsold at whatever price they may deem proper; provided, the same shall not be offered or sold for less than 75 per cent of the par value.
- Dividends will be paid monthly upon the stock.
- The articles of incorporation as accepted at the first meeting of the stockholders shall remain the charter of this Company until duly amended.
- The trustees are empowered to do any and all acts that by law the stockholders may do, provided that the by-laws hereby adopted may not be rescinded by them.
- They may meet as often as they may wish, provided they shall not receive pay for more than twelve meetings annually.
- They may determine the salaries or compensation of the officers and any agent or agents or employees of the Company, and their own compensation.
- They may adopt such rules and regulations for their meetings as they may deem proper.
- They shall report at least annually, the condition and affairs of the company, to the annual meeting of stockholders, or oftener if requested to do so by the stockholders in regular or special meeting.
- Each trustee shall be a stockholder of the Company; and before entering upon duties as such shall sign the record book of the corporation after the following entry: "The undersigned hereby consents to act as a trustee of the Washington Globe Publishing Company until his successor is qualified."
- Any vacancy in the trustees may be filled by the remaining board, likewise any vacancy among the officers.
- The stock certificates of this Company, as adopted, shall be signed by the President and Secretary and the corporate seal affixed thereto; and the stockbook and corporate seal shall be kept at the office of publication.
- Any and all acts that may be done by the stockholders, at any regular or special meeting, not herein expressed, may be done by the trustees.
- A quorum of trustees for the transaction of business shall be two; provided, that no increase of the capital stock shall be made, except by a two-thirds vote of the existing members of the board of trustees.
- The trustees may adopt such rules and regulations for the conduct of the business of the Company, and prescribe such duties of the officers of the Company, as they may deem essential or necessary.

Adopted at second meeting of stockholders, held in Washington, February 18, 1902.

## The Washington Globe Publishing Company.

Certificate of Incorporation of the Washington Globe Publishing Company.

The undersigned, William J. Elliott, M. B. Moroney, and Charles T. Hunter, all residents of the District of Columbia, being desirous of forming a corporation under Chapter eighteen (18) clause four (4) of the Revised Statutes of the United States, and acts amendatory thereof, relating to the District of Columbia, for the purpose of carrying on and conducting a job printing and publishing business in the District of Columbia or anywhere in the United States of America, do hereby certify:

- The corporation name and the company is the Washington Globe Publishing Company, and the object for which it is formed is for the carrying on of a general job printing and publishing business, with all the usual matters and things appertaining thereto.
- The term of the existence of said company shall be the term of twenty years.
- The amount of the capital stock of the said company is the sum of twenty-five thousand dollars (\$25,000), and the number of shares of which said stock shall consist shall be two thousand and five hundred (2,500) of ten dollars (\$10.00) each.
- The number of trustees who shall manage the concerns of said company for the first year, or until their successors are elected and qualified (provided the same may be increased, at the instance of themselves), is three, and the names are as follows: William J. Elliott, Wilbur W. Marmaduke, and Charles T. Hunter.
- The place in the District of Columbia in which the operations of the company are to be carried on is the City of Washington, and in what other place or places the trustees may determine.

WILLIAM J. ELLIOTT,  
M. B. MORONEY,  
CHARLES T. HUNTER.

District of Columbia, to wit:

I, F. Warren Johnson, a notary public in and for the District of Columbia, do hereby certify that William J. Elliott, Wilbur W. Marmaduke, and Charles T. Hunter, being personally well known to me to be the same persons who have signed the foregoing certificate of incorporation, appeared before me in the District of Columbia, and acknowledged the above certificate of incorporation to be their act and deed.

Given under my hand and official seal this 15th day of February, A. D., 1902.

F. WARREN JOHNSON,  
Notary Public, D. C.